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the cause of our antagonist, though plausible, is bad, if there be truth in the old saying that 'good wine needs no bush, or a good cause no bribery': here, gentlemen of the jury, is what was put into my hand this morning," holding out a purse of gold, "it was given in the hope that it would have bribed me into a lukewarm advocacy of my client's cause. But, gentlemen, here I throw down Achan's wedge—here I cast at your feet the accursed thing:" and so he went on most ably to state his case and defend his cause; and no doubt but the exhibition of the purse had as much weight as the force of his argument, in inducing the jury to give a verdict in his favour.

The attorneys of the Old Four Courts, and who passed through this palpable hell to gain access to its darker purlieus, were as distinct as the lawyers of the day from those of modern times. I remember, when a youth, being brought into the office of one of the most eminent in Dublin, who dwelt in that then fashionable resort of attorneys, Chancery-lane, instead of residing, as now, in some of the squares, as men of ton and elegance—as the rivals of all that is exquisite in taste, *virtu*, equipage, and horse flesh. Your attorney of that day was to be sure, equally keen, equally conscionable in the length and composition of his bill of costs—but he was a vulgarian—a provincial—a *brogueanier*. (Reader, pardon the coinage.) Perhaps it may be as well to stick to the single portrait I have alluded to—my uncle's attorney in Chancery-lane—he was not a bad or extra specimen of his race. I remember, when ushered into his back parlour, which served him for office, dressing-room, eating-room, and, I believe, sometimes sleeping-room, what a dusty, dingy, dark, fetid hole it was. The man was not out of keeping with his domicile—he looked like a great bloated spider in the centre of his cobweb. I have him before my mind's eye, as he waddled off his triangular chair to salute us; his snuff-stained, cadaverous face overhung by a brown scratch wig that stuck awry on his head, and seemed to have grown too small for his cranium; his natural black hair thrusting itself out over his left ear, and hanging extravagantly from his poll behind; his abdomen immensely protuberant, and as his inexpressibles scorned the aid of suspenders to keep them up, they fell apart from his waistcoat, and leaving a goodly share of not quite clean linen to be seen, they hung in loose folds about his thighs, and caused the corduroy of which they were composed, to whistle as he waddled about the chamber. His accent was in the rich broad brogue of the County of Limerick; and nothing could exceed the familiar, gossiping, flattering, sallowing fondness, with which he complimented my uncle, who was one of his oldest clients. I have reason to remember Tim ——— well; the best part of my worthy relative's property passed into his hands, instead of mine, in liquidation of his tremendous volume of a bill of costs, which, whether they were taxed in hell, and under the encouraging presence of his satanic majesty, I do not remember.

Mr. Editor, I have written thus far of my ramble from College-green to the Four Courts, and you see that instead of rambling to it, I have rambled away from it—but what have I to say for the present Four Courts more than what every one knows, namely, that the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Rutland in 1786, that the architect who built it was Mr. Gandon, that it was opened for business in the year 1797, that it is, as your wood-cut represents it, a very noble pile of building, forming an oblong rectangle of 440 feet to the front of the river, (by the way, what business have Thames' barges on the Liffey?) that the centre pile is 140 feet square, that the handsome and towering dome lights the great hall of the Courts, an object of just admiration from its chaste and lofty appearance and proportions, and that during Term time it is crowded with lawyers and pickpockets, strangers and stragglers, the fleeced and the fleecing, the hopeful and the hoping, the anxious and the careless, and that, at such a period of bustle, a visitor, as a Picture of Dublin benevolently forewarns, "*should look to his pockets.*" Unlike other structures in our city, this building remains true to its destination, and has not proved either too large, or too unsuitable; unlike our Parliament House, which is turned into a Bank—our Custom House into a Stamp

Office—our Stamp Office into a haberdasher's store—and our Exchange into nothing. No, our Four Courts, thank the Genius of our Isle, is still in full business; and as long as Erin remains the land of Ire, so long surely will lawyers fatten, and attorneys batten on the quarrelsome and litigious propensities of our people.

A QUINQUAGENARIAN.

#### METHOD OF KEEPING A COW UPON A QUARTER OF AN ACRE.

In providing food for a cow we must look, first, at the *sort of cow*; seeing that a cow of one sort will certainly require more than twice as much food as a cow of another sort. For a cottage, a cow of the smallest sort common in England is, on every account, the best; and such a cow will not require above seventy or eighty pounds of good moist food in the twenty-four hours. Now, how to raise this food on forty rods of ground, is what we want to know. It frequently happens that a labourer has more than forty rods of ground. It more frequently happens, that he has some *common*, some *lane*, some little outlet or other, for a part of the year at least. In such cases he may make a different disposition of his ground, or may do with less than the forty rods. I am here, for simplicity's sake, to suppose, that we have forty rods of clear, unshaded land, besides what his house and sheds stand upon; and that he have nothing further in the way of means to keep his cow. I suppose the forty rods to be *clean* and *unshaded*; for I am to suppose, that when a man thinks of *five quarts of milk a-day* on an average all the year round, he will not suffer his ground to be encumbered by apple-trees, that give him only the means of treating his children to fits of the belly-ache, or with currant and gooseberry bushes, which, though their fruit do very well to amuse, really give nothing worthy of food except to the blackbirds and thrushes. The ground is to be *clear* of trees, and in the spring we will suppose it to be *clean*. Then dig it up *deeply*, or, which is better, *trench* it, keeping, however, the top *spit* of the soil at the top. Lay it in *ridges* in April or May, about two feet apart, and made high and sharp. When the weeds appear about three inches high, turn the ridges into the furrows (*never moving the ground but in dry weather*), and bury all the weeds. Do this as often as the weeds get three inches high, and by the fall you will have really clean ground, and not poor ground. There is the ground then ready. About the 26th of August, but *not earlier*, prepare a rod of your ground, and put some *manure* in it (for some you must have), and sow one half of it with early York cabbage-seed, and the other half with sugar-loaf cabbage seed, both of the *true* sort, in little drills at eight inches apart, and the seeds thin in the drill. If the plants come up at two inches apart (and they should be thinned if thicker), you will have a plenty. As soon as fairly out of the ground, hoe the ground nicely, and pretty deeply, and again in a few days. When the plants have six leaves, which will be very soon, dig up, make fine, and manure another rod or two, and prick out the plants, 4000 of each in rows at eight inches apart, and three inches in the row. Hoe the ground between them often, and they will grow fast, and be straight and strong. I suppose that these beds for plants take four rods of your ground. Early in November, or, as the weather may serve, a little earlier or later, lay some manure (of which I shall say more hereafter) between the ridges, in the other thirty rods, and turn the ridges over on this manure, and then transplant your plants on the ridges, at fifteen inches apart. Here they will stand the winter; and you must see that the slugs do not eat them. If any plants fail, you have plenty in the bed where you prick them out; for your thirty-six rods will not require more than 4000 plants. If the winter be very hard, and bad for plants, you should not *cover* thirty-six rods, but you may the *bed* where the rest of your plants are. A little litter or straw, or dead grass or fern, laid along between the rows and the plants, not to cover the leaves, will preserve them completely. When people complain of *all* their plants being "*cut off*," they have in fact nothing to *complain* of but their own extreme carelessness. If I had a gardener who complained

of all his plants being cut off, I should cut him off pretty quickly. If those in the thirty-six rods fail in part, fill up their places, later in the winter, by plants from the bed. If you find the ground dry at top during winter, hoe it, and particularly near the plants, and root out all slugs and insects. And when March comes, and the ground is dry, hoe deep and well, and earth the plants up close to the lower leaves. As soon as the plants begin to grow, dig the ground with a spade clean and well, and let the spade go as near to the plants as you can without actually displacing the plants. Give them another digging in a month, and if weeds come in the mean while, hoe, and let not one live a week. "Oh! what a deal of work!" Well! but it is for *yourself*, and besides it is not all to be done in a day; and we shall by-and-by see what it is altogether. By the 1st of June, I speak of the south of England, and there is also some difference of seasons and soils; but, generally speaking, by the 1st of June you will have *turned-in cabbages*, and soon you will have the early Yorks solid. And by the 1st of June you may get your cow, one that is about to calve, or has just calved, and at this time such a cow as you will want will not, thank goodness, cost above five pounds. I shall speak of the place to keep her in, and of the manure and litter by-and-by. At present I confine myself to her mere food. The thirty-six rods, if the cabbages all stood till they got solid, would give her food for 200 days, at eighty pounds weight per day, which is more than she would eat. But you must use some at first that are not solid, and then some of them will split before you can use them. But you will have pigs to help off with them, and to gnaw the heads of the stumps. Some of the sugar-loaves may have been planted out in the spring; and thus these thirty-six rods will get you along to some time in September. Now, mind, in March, and again in April, sow more *early Yorks*, and get them to be fine stout plants, as you did those in the fall. Dig up the ground and manure it, and, as fast as you cut cabbages, plant cabbages, and in the same manner and with the same cultivation as before. Your last planting will be about the middle of August, with stout plants, and these will serve you into the month of November. Now we have to provide from December to May inclusive, and that, too, out of this same piece of ground. In November there must be arrived at perfection, 3000 turnip plants. These, without the greens, must weigh, on an average, five pounds, and this, at eighty pounds a-day, will keep the cow eighty-seven days, and there are but 182 days in these six months. The greens will have helped out the latest cabbages, to carry you through November, and perhaps into December. But for these six months you must depend on nothing but the Swedish turnips. And now how are these to be had upon the same ground that bears the cabbages? That we are now going to see. When you plant out your cabbages at the outset, put first a row of early Yorks, then a row of sugar-loaves, and so on throughout the piece. Of course, as you are to use the early Yorks first, you will cut every other row; and the early Yorks that you are to plant in summer, will go into the intervals. By-and-by the sugar-loaves are cut away, and in their place will come Swedish turnips, you digging and manuring the ground as in the case of the cabbages; and at last you will find about sixteen rods, where you will have found it too late, and unnecessary besides, to plant any second crop of cabbages. Here the Swedish turnips will stand in rows at two feet apart (and always a foot apart in the row), and thus you will have 3000 turnips; and if these do not weigh five pounds each on an average, the fault must be in the seed or in the management. The Swedish turnips are raised in this manner. You will bear in mind the *four rods* of ground, in which you have sowed and pricked out your cabbage plants. The plants that will be left there will, in April, serve you for *greens*, if you ever eat any, though bread and bacon are very good without greens, and rather better than with. At any rate, the pig, which has strong powers of digestion, will consume this herbage. In a part of these four rods you will, in March and April, as before directed, have sown and raised your early Yorks for the summer planting. Now, in the *last week* of May, prepare a quarter of a rod of this ground, and sow it,

precisely as directed for the cabbage-seed, with Swedish turnip-seed; and sow a quarter of a rod *every three days*, till you have sowed *two rods*. If the *fly* appear, cover the rows over in the *day time* with cabbage-leaves, and take the leaves off at night; hoe well between the plants, and when they are safe from the fly, *thin* them to four inches apart in the row. The two rods will give you nearly *five thousand plants*, which is 2000 more than you will want. From this bed you draw your plants, to transplant in the ground where the cabbage have stood, as before directed. You should transplant none much *before* the middle of July, and not much *later* than the middle of August. In the two rods, whence you take your turnip plants, you may leave plants to come to perfection, at two feet distances each way, and this will give you *over and above* 840 pounds weight of turnips. For the other two rods will be ground enough for you to sow your cabbage plants in it at the end of August, as directed for last year.—*Cobbett's Cottage Economy*.

### SPIRIT OF AN IRISH PIPER.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style,—servants, grooms, hunters &c. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes, while playing, were steady and quiet, and his face composed. One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr. Thomas Grant, at Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair was placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him: the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dancing-room door, looked full into the room, said, "Mr. Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, threw half a crown on his table, saying to the servant, "There my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom. I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills, that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the *Irish organ*. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played and charmed every body.—*O'Keefe's Recollections*.

*To Restore Frosted Potatoes.*—A most effectual method has been discovered by a Cumberland gentleman. It is simply to allow the potatoes to remain in the pits, after a severe frost, till the mild weather has set in for some weeks, and allowing them to recover gradually. If once exposed to the atmospheric air, no art will recover frosted potatoes.

### RECIPES FOR DESTROYING INSECTS.

*To destroy Ants.*—Toast the fleshy side of the outside skin of a piece of bacon, till it is crisp; then lay it on the ground at the root or stem of any fruit-tree that is infested by ants. Put something over the bacon to keep it dry; the ants will go under it, and fasten to it; lift it up quickly, and dip it into a pail of water.

*To destroy Slugs, &c.*—Take a quantity of cabbage leaves, and either put them into a warm oven, or hold them before the fire till they get quite soft; then rub them with unsalted butter, or any kind of fresh dripping, and lay them in the places infested with slugs. In a few hours the leaves will be found covered with snails and slugs, which may then of course be destroyed in any way the gardener may think fit. *Woodlice and Earwigs*, wherever they exist, will also be attracted by leaves thus prepared, if placed in the sheds they frequent.

### DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 56, Great Strand-street.  
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler; in Birmingham by Jenkinson; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow by Niven, Jun.